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LETTERS

FROM THE

Rev. *MELVILL HORNE*,

Late CURATE of

Madeley, Salop;

Now MISSIONARY at

Sierra Leone, Africa,

TO HIS FRIENDS AT

MADELEY,

PREVIOUS TO HIS

Departure from England.

Brethren, *Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified, and that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men.* 2. Thess. iii. 1. 2.

Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God. Heb. xiii. 7.

MADELEY:
PRINTED BY J. EDMUNDS.
M,DCC,XCII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LETTER I.

London, March 3d, 1792.

To my dear Friends and beloved Companions in the tribulation and patience of Jeſus, in the Pariſh of Madeley and in the parts adjacent.

BLESSED be the God and Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt who hath bleſſed us with all ſpiritual bleſſings in heavenly places in Chriſt! Bleſſed be that merciful God who pitied us in our low eſtate, who loved us and ſent his dear Son to be the Meſſenger and Pledge of that great love; who hath by his holy word and Spirit, waſhed away our ſins in the blood of the croſs, thereby crucifying the world to us, and us unto the world, ſanctifying *all* our afflictions, and infuſing precious balm into all the wounds made by ſorrow and by ſin!——In this adorable God, whoſe mighty word ſupports all beings, and whoſe paternal arms encircle thoſe who fear and love him, I now embrace you—embrace you as his Children, and the redeemed of Him, who is the firſt-born among many Brethren. I rejoice at the remembrance of your names, as of names written in the heart of Jeſus—the book of everlaſting life. I am filled with comfort at the recollection of your love to God, and to one another, your peaceable piety, and various good fruits; conſidering them

as ſolid proofs that you have believed with hearts *earneſtly* diſpoſed to the practice of univerſal righteouſneſs, and that you are a holy and a ſaved people, ſteadfaſtly purpoſed (through the grace which *freely* worketh in you to will and to do) to ſhew forth the praiſes of Him who hath called you out of darkneſs into his marvellous light. When I enumerate all your acts of brotherly kindneſs and liberality to me and mine, my gratitude is oppreſſed by a weight of obligation to which I can make no return; but I find ſome comfort in the hope, that in the morning of the reſurrection, the liberal Jeſus, who forgets not a cup of cold water given to a thirſty diſciple, will condeſcend to acknowledge me for his ſervant, and faithfully diſcharge all the large debt of kindneſs I have contracted among you with abundant recompence. Finally I rejoice in the midſt of my afflictions (and God is my witneſs how many cares and ſorrows hang upon my ſpirit) in leaving you, being humbly confident that no ſordid covetouſneſs, no wandering ſpirit of adventure, no purſuit of human honour, have drawn me from your ſervice; and that your brotherly love will do juſtice to the rectitude of thoſe principles, which have engaged me to forſake *all* I hold dear, and to encounter *all* I eſteem dreadful in life, if peradventure, the wretched ſons of bleeding Africa may be brought to flee for ſanctuary under the wings of the God of Iſrael. With ſo many and ſo great cauſes of rejoicing as thoſe I have mentioned, and ten thouſand more which the goſpel holds forth as *reſtoratives* to every fainting ſpirit, I joy in tribulation. I reaſon not with fleſh and blood.

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dare not refuſe to follow where I think the clear light of God's Spirit and Providence lead the way, becauſe dark clouds obſcure another quarter of the ſkies. Were the attractions which draw me to Africa to be reſiſted, my attachments to you would have detained me in England, and in Madeley. But often have I vowed unto Chriſt to preach him to the Heathens, and now that he calls for the performance of thoſe vows, they ſhall, they muſt be paid. My life is not dear; his love, his ſervice are better than life; and to die for him were life and happineſs.—My wife and infant are dear indeed, dear as my beſt blood; but even the conſideration of their ſafety does not move me. In ſuch a cauſe, and with ſuch a confidence, I would not *only* venture, but ſacrifice all our lives with exultation. But believe me, (and I call God to record on my ſoul) that you have been my firſt care, dearer than my wife, parents and life; for I have ever thought that Chriſt and his flock of which the Holy Ghoſt has made me an overſeer, were to be preferred to every other conſideration; and for your ſake I have ſought the Lord day and night with tears, that He would make my call clear, and not ſuffer Satan to deceive me as an angel of light. The reſult of all my prayers and meditations was, and ſtill is, the belief that a diſpenſation of the goſpel to the Africans is committed to my care. If I am deceived, I know of no remedy. I obey my beſt light, and leave the reſt with the Lord. Whether I live or die, I am content; for I have committed my ſoul to his keeping, and I humbly truſt that neither life nor death ſhall ſeparate me from his

Love. On this ſubject I will add no more, having already in this letter, and before in perſon, ſo frequently explained at large my principles and views reſpecting it. But the paſtoral character I have exerciſed among you, and the brotherly love I bear towards you, (which it ſhall be the happineſs of my life to cheriſh, and on all occaſions to exert,) compel me to ſpend a few more lines on your great and eternal intereſts.

Firſt, Brethren, I beſeech you *all* to ſtir up the gift of God which is in you, and to acquit yourſelves like men, fighting the good fight of faith. Remember the prize is life—eternal life. Conſider it well, and you will ſee that there is no proportion between the work of faith, and its glorious recompence. Our labours, ſufferings, loſſes, diſcouragements, and patience—are not worthy to be compared with that eternal weight of glory ſhortly to be revealed. Pray to Jeſus, therefore, that he would every day revive and invigorate your faith, that it may be to you a preſent ſubſiſtence of things hoped for, and the ſtrong evidence of things unſeen. If this be your faith, you ſhall rejoice evermore, pray without ceaſing, and in every thing give thanks; and you will count all things but dung and droſs for the ſake of your Lord Jeſus Chriſt.—And permit me to ſay, that your preſent circumſtances call you in a particular manner to ſtir up the Gift of faith; and to look to that great Shepherd and Biſhop of ſouls, who has removed from you one miniſter, to bleſs you with another, or to be himſelf in a peculiar manner your miniſter. And what an humbling, rejoicing truth is it, Brethren, that the Lord, the Lord of life and

glory,

glory, not only was, but ſtill condeſcends to be our ſervant?

Secondly, I entreat you all to look to Jeſus as your all-ſufficient Saviour, life, and felicity. Riſe, in the ſtrength of Jeſus, riſe ſuperior to all diſcouragements; and never for a moment think yourſelves orphans and deſolate, while you have ſo great an High Prieſt paſſed into the Heavens even the Son of God, who is touched with a feeling of all your infirmities, who has led your captivity captive, and is able to ſave you to the uttermoſt, if you come to God by him. Cultivate an intimate fellowſhip with him by *faithful* prayer, a patient and diligent ſearching of the ſcriptures, and by your obedient love following him in the regeneration. Let your faith ſtrike deep root in that rock of ages; and as Chriſtians matured by long experience, innumerable mercies, and the enjoyment of all Goſpel privileges for many bleſſed years, confide in God *alone*, and walk before him perfecting Chriſtian holineſs in his loving fear. Look to Jeſus my beloved Brethren, and beholding all the glories of the Mighty God, and of the only immaculate Man, concentrated in you heavenly Mediator, let that mind be in you that was in your meek and lowly Lord. Remember that to be a Chriſtian is to be made *like* Chriſt, and to walk as he alſo walked. Truly this is a great work, but it is not ſo much your work as his who works in you, and who has pledged his veracity, and ſealed that veracity with his blood, to make you all that he would wiſh you to be. Never loſe ſight of theſe great, ſanctifying, and conſolatory truths; but live by the faith of Chriſt, and patiently wait upon

upon him to fulfil all his gracious engagements, and to verify his Character; that is, to be your Jesus, your Saviour. He has not lightly undertaken the work of our salvation; no, he has well counted the cost, and has a glorious fulness of grace and truth, of faithful love and almighty power, to go through with his blessed undertaking.

Thirdly, Love as Brethren,—Brethren of Him who loved us all unto death. If we love not one another, we dream, we lie, we blaspheme, when we say that we love Christ, or that we have seen him or known him. Exhort, advise, reprove one another with all gentleness and meekness of love. Bear each others burdens, weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that rejoice.

Fourthly, To keep this love be very meek and lowly, ask for heavenly wisdom, let not your zeal outrun your knowledge, and consider peace as one of the choicest blessings of the Church. God forbid that any of you, by pride, anger, and a love of pre-eminence like Diotrophes, should prove troublers of Israel! *Bear—forbear.* Strive, (as your much-loved Mr. Fletcher recommended to me,) to be the least, the last, and the servant of all. While Mrs. Fletcher lives, follow her advice in all your little affairs, and when God removes her from you, attend to her dying admonitions.

Now, Brethren, farewel! God for ever bless you, and be in the midst of you, feed you with his truth and love and cover you with his power! Let your prayers follow your poor servant, that he may be a more faithful minister in

Africa,

Africa, than he has been in England. And as I mention my unfaithfulneſs, I pray you, Brethren, forgive all my faults, and evermore continue that love you have ſhewed me ſo much greater than my deſerts. Pardon my apparent neglect in not writing to you ſooner; but were it in my power to ſhew you how I have been occupied, you would excuſe me, and perhaps the more readily if you knew that a great part of this letter has been written for more than three weeks, tho' I have not found leiſure or compoſure of mind to finiſh it till now. More, a great deal more have I to ſay, but alas! I want time and a hand to write for me. In my retirement in Africa, I ſhall have, I truſt, a better opportunity to prove, that I ſhall not forget Madeley till this hand forgets its cunning. Whether I ſhall ever live to ſee you again on earth and in Madeley, God knoweth, and God will appoint. Let us then meet at the throne of Grace, in the bowels of Jeſus Chriſt, and if not in the fleſh, in the reſurrection of the juſt, and at the right hand of Jeſus in heavenly Glory. Once more farewel, Brethren. The holy, bleſſed, and glorious Trinity be our God, and be ever with you all and with your affectionate ſervant and Brother in Chriſt, and once your Miniſter in the declaration of his Goſpel, M. H.

LETTER II.

London, May, 1792.

Rev. Mr. Walter.

My dear Sir,

THOUGH I have not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, yet your character, with which I am made acquainted by my friends at Madeley, and the relation you stand in to the dear people, whom I had for some years the happiness to serve in the Gospel, encourage me to send you a line before I leave England.—Accept my hearty thanks, Dear Sir, for your readiness in taking the charge of my loving people. I sincerely praise the Lord on *their* account, for sending you among them; and that he has glorified the riches of his patience and long suffering towards them, by giving them a faithful Minister, at a crisis when their hopes were almost swallowed up in despair. I also congratulate you in coming among a loving, peaceable people, who love that truth which you preach, and who will highly esteem you for your works sake. I pray, and I have *good confidence* that I do not pray in vain, for a blessing on your Ministry. Certainly, in your present situation you have such opportunities and helps for doing good, as are to be found in few parishes; and with these, fewer difficulties and discouragements than I think are any where to be met with. I greatly lament my unfaithfulness and negligence in that honourable and useful post you now fill; and amidst all the pleasing reflections which arise in my mind in looking back to the blessings I enjoyed at Madeley,

deley, and the many dear friends I have left there, nothing saddens my heart, but a sense of my unprofitableness, and my want of gratitude and thankfulness to God and my Friends.—May the Lord of Grace fill you with grace and truth! May He, my dear and honoured Brother, give you all the bowels of love which become a Christian Minister and Father! May He, the Giver of all good, give you the hearts of his people, and crown you with every needful gift and grace of his most Holy Spirit!——How greatly will it gladden my heart to hear, that your life and labours are mighty, through God, to the conversion of the wicked, and the confirming the just—and that your flock rejoicing in the success of your ministry, no more feel any loss of my poor endeavours.

Pray make our united most affectionate good wishes to Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Walter, and to all dear Friends, and tell them that I cannot yet think of Madeley without tears. Requesting your prayers and theirs, and assuring you of my constant good wishes and fraternal intercession at the throne of Grace, I remain, Dear Sir, Your affectionate Brother. M. H.

LETTER III.

Bristol, Saturday 2d June, 1792.

Mrs. Fletcher.

My dear and honoured Friend,

MY Mother's letter will have informed you how much she was surprized last night by our unexpected arrival

val at Briſtol. I was then too much fatigued to add a Poſtſcript, or even to peruſe her letter, but I will now give you the beſt account I can of ourſelves.

After ſpending ten days at Cowes, during which we amuſed ourſelves with viſiting Portſmouth, the ſhips of war, and the Iſle of Wight, on Thurſday morning the 24th we made ſail, and by the next morning Friday 25th, were off the Lizard. The Wind now turned ſome points to the Weſtward, and we had to beat backward and forward between France and England, advancing very ſlowly with a ſide Wind. The ſwell of the Sea was very great, tho' but little Wind. I felt unpleaſant preſentiments of what followed—I read the ſhipwreck of the Halſwell, and was uncommonly anxious at night, and at laſt falling aſleep, I dreamed, We were in circumſtances of ſimilar diſtreſs, but that at length Captain Hebden come to congratulate me ſaying, "Thank God, the danger is now over!" I was affected by the dream, and prepared to have it realized. On Saturday the ſea increaſed, the wind was very freſh, it rained much, the ſhip rolled almoſt gunwale to, and every thing promiſed bad weather. As I walked the deck in the Evening, I pondered all the circumſtances of my call, and found my mind ſatisfied on that head. I found a pleaſure in meditating on St. Peter's walking on the water. Thank God I found a great calm in my ſpirit, and ſome reſignation to die, if the Lord ſo pleaſed. That evening, the violence of the ſhip's motion, and other circumſtances reſpecting the Crew prevented our having prayer for the firſt time ſince

I went

I went on board. On Sunday we had wind, rain, and a tremendous ſea. I was incapable of doing ſervice, and the duty of the Crew would not permit them to attend. In the evening the Sun ſhone, and my wife walked the deck with me; and I afterwards collected about fourteen to prayer, but was obliged to be very conciſe, for we had a difficulty in keeping from tumbling, and the ſhip cracked ſo loud that I could ſcarcely hear my own voice. All Sunday night the ſea and gale increaſed. I lay fortifying my heart in the Lord, as well as counting the ſeas which broke againſt and now and then came over the forecaſtle. At five o'clock Monday morning the Captain jumped out of his cot, and I from my bed, being both alarmed by a ſea which gave us a dreadful blow on the quarter. The Carpenters were now ordered to put up the window ſhutters to the quarter galleries, and were then employed in laſhing and faſtening the Ports &c. Our upper ſails were all taken in, and we ran under our lower ones. At eight o'clock as we were going to breakfaſt two or three terrible ſeas roſe on our ſtern, and threatened to break the Cabin to pieces, and while we were looking at them with aſtoniſhment, a cry of diſtreſs was heard from the deck, and a noiſe as loud as a hundred cannon. Our tea equipage immediately went to wreck, the Captain and Mate flew on deck and I retired to my little Cabin to encourage my wife, telling her, as I really thought, it was a thunder ſtorm. We ſoon found it was a ſtorm which had ſet in with ſuch a tremendous violence, and that the noiſe was occaſioned by its burſting the mizen ſtay

ſail in a thouſand pieces, breaking two ſtrong ropes which held the main ſail, which was then flapping in the wind, and making a great rent in the fore ſail. The men and officers exerted themſelves and greatly endangered their lives in ſaving the main ſail. After being a full half hour on the yard, in which ſituation I could not look at them without terror, they ſaved their ſail, and the Lord being gracious, came down from their dangerous ſituation in ſafety. Till three o'clock in the afternoon we ſtruggled againſt the wind, but then the Captain finding the ſhip letting in a great deal of water, and that her ſeams in the upper works opened three or four Inches and the ſhip was in other reſpects damaged, put before the wind, and bore away for England. The night was as dreadful as the day, but on Tueſday the wind and ſea began to fall, on Tueſday night every thing was tolerable, and on Wedneſday evening we anchored at Plymouth. We travelled all night to Exeter with the Captain, and while he proceeded to London I reſted my wife one day, and on Friday we came to Briſtol. Indeed we have had a *great* Salvation from the Lord in many reſpects. The poor men pumped twenty minutes out of every half hour, and during the ſtorm pumped out of her thirty-ſix feet of water, and now ſhe lies at anchor ſhe makes twelve in every twenty-four hours. On the bow, and on the ſide, planks are broken and ſtarted, and ſhe is ſo much damaged, that if the ſhip can be repaired: it will at leaſt take a month or ſix weeks to do it, and after all we can never go out in her, unleſs ſhe is lightened of three hundred Tons. Had we

been fairly in the Weſtern Ocean, or had the ſtorm continued a few hours longer, or indeed had not the Lord himſelf wonderfully interfered, we never ſhould have ſeen England again. It was little leſs than a miracle our maſts were ſpared, and had the main maſt gone, ſuch was its connection with the planks which were broken and ſtarted at the main chains, that both the deck and ſide would have been torn away by it. The Lord was gracious and full of mercy in the ſupport he gave to us all, eſpecially to my Nelly and me. Through the whole of that tremendous ſeaſon I had not one temptation from the Devil,—I did not for a moment queſtion my call, or repent in having engaged in that undertaking. I had no doubt of my own and of my dear wife's intereſt in Chriſt, and of having a bleſſed eternity with the Lord, if he ſhould be pleaſed to call us. I was enabled to acquieſce in the wiſdom and goodneſs of that Providence which appeared to be ready to call me into eternity by a violent and unlooked for death. A variety of comfortable ſcriptures were applied to my mind with power, particularly—"Fear not, for I am with thee, be not diſmayed for I am thy God"—And, "The Lord of Hoſts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." But notwithſtanding all this comfort—my nature ſhrunk at Diſſolution, I ſeverely felt for my dear Nelly, was deeply humbled under a ſenſe of my ſhort coming, and ſincerely prayed that the Lord would ſpare me a little to recover my ſtrength, and to appear before my Maker in *all* that holineſs which his bleſſed Goſpel promiſes. My prayer was heard, and from the bottom of

my ſoul I praiſed him for the light of Tueſday Morning. I forgot to mention, that on Sunday Morning opening the Teſtament to read a Chapter, I caſt my eye on a paſſage very appoſite to our ſituation. It was Acts xxvii, verſe 34— "Wherefore I pray you take ſome meat; for this is for your health; for there ſhall not a hair fall from the head of any of you." My wife has not leſs experienced the goodneſs of the Lord in body and ſoul. Out of ſix women on board all ſtronger than herſelf, ſhe alone was able to keep the deck while all the reſt were ſick in bed: and in moments of the greateſt danger ſhe was preſerved wonderfully calm. I bleſs God we neither of us are diſcouraged from making the voyage, either by the accidents and trials we have met with, or from ſome diſcouraging accounts we have had from Sierra Leone. Whether the ſhip will be ſent out, or indeed whether it can be made fit for ſea, there is ſome reaſon to doubt; but if it does go, we ſhall venture in her, as we find ourſelves greatly attached to the Company on board. If that ſhip does not go we ſhall probably embark in another veſſel which they are fitting out as faſt as they can. Not chuſing to ſtay at Plymouth while ſhe is under repair, I have embraced the opportunity of viſiting Briſtol, where I had the pleaſure to meet all friends well, and my Edward was tranſported with joy at ſeeing his father and mother. I expect every day to hear from London what determination our Directors will come to reſpecting us, and if I can do it with ſafety and without endangering the loſs of my paſſage I ſhall certainly embrace the opportunity of viſiting Madeley.

My Nelly and I unite in affectionate reſpects to all Madeley friends, particularly Mr. Yate's, Mr. Ferriday's families and your own. For the preſent hoping for a ſpeedy line from you, I remain dear and honoured Madam, Your ever obliged and affectionate friend. M. H.

LETTER IV.

Briſtol, 15th June, 1792.

To all my dear Brethren and Siſters who are ſeeking for honour, glory, and immortality with the bleſſed God, now for a little ſeaſon, ſojourning in the Pariſh of Madeley, and in the Parts adjacent.

Dear and loving Companions.

THE memorials of your kindneſs is ever with me; nor can I be unmindful of you, until I forget myſelf, and loſe all remembrance of the mercies of my God conferred upon me in your ſociety, and while I preached to you the Goſpel of his grace. It is now near ſix months ſince I tore myſelf from your arms, and ſix weeks ſince I embarked for Africa; where I had hoped, by this time, to have been encouraging my countrymen to bear up with fortitude under the diſcouragements which attend their infant Colony, and to have refreſhed my heart with the humble, fervent piety of my ſwarthy friends from Nova Scotia. But the wiſe and holy Providence of the Lord has been pleaſed to diſappoint our expectations, and to prove our faith and pati-

ence by repeated delays, and ſome ſevere trials. Our friend Mrs. Fletcher will have informed you of the particulars of the awful tempeſt* which compelled us once more to flee for ſhelter to our Native ſhore, and that I have indulged my wife and ſelf with a viſit to my Mother, Siſter, and little Boy, while the injuries of our ſhip are repaired, and ſhe is again made fit to venture on the ſea. Many and great are the mercies I have experienced in this tedious and dangerous navigation, for which I requeſt you all to join me in praiſing and bleſſing our merciful God. 1. We have on board every outward accomodation we can wiſh. 2. We have with us four or five people who *truly* fear the Lord, ſeveral well-diſpoſed, and in general all our paſſengers and crew are ſober, well-behaved, and very kind to us. 3. We have the worſhip of God every evening, and I preach twice on Sunday. I alſo begin to flatter myſelf from the ſeriouſneſs and attention with which I am heard, that ſome among them may be brought to the knowledge of God. 4. We have had our health perfectly well, and my dear Wife, with whoſe weakneſs of body you are well acquainted, has been ſupported in a way truly wonderful, under the ſeveral painful circumſtances of ſea-ſickneſs, danger, anxiety, want of ſleep and fatigue. 5. In the moſt awful moments of danger, we were preſerved in a degree of peace and quietneſs. For my own part, altho' I felt my nature ſhrink from the idea of ſudden, violent death, and greatly lamented my not being in a more advanced ſtate of preparation for meeting God

*See former Letter.

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yet through mercy I was enabled to commit my wife and self to Him, to live or die as he pleased. I felt I loved God, and if I had no rejoicing in my contemplation of Eternity, yet, blessed be God, I had no distracting fear of Judgment. My sinful soul rested on the Lamb that taketh away the sin of the world—He was my *sole* dependance, my *only* hope, and I was not ashamed. The Lord comforted me with many precious passages of Scripture. He did not suffer me to doubt my call, nor did I find myself tempted to question his faithfulness even in destruction. Glory be to his grace! 6. Notwithstanding what we have suffered, and some unpleasant accounts from abroad, which shew us what more we may expect to suffer, the Lord does not suffer my dear wife or myself to be discouraged from pursuing our voyage. Indeed, there are seasons when I am greatly cast down, and I feel myself tremble at the apprehension of suffering, but even *then* I find my purpose unalterable. To the best of my knowledge, the Lord has called me abroad, and under this confidence, I find it my happiness and my honour to forsake all, and follow my best light. If I have mistaken my call, it is my error, an *error* into which I should never have fallen, had I valued my earthly comforts more, and God's service less. The worst that can follow is *light* and *transitory*—life is not so great a thing as we suppose, and the years of trial and sorrow which are taken away from time will be added to a blessed eternity, where all is peace and assurance for ever. If indeed the Lord will condescend to work by me in Africa, as I humbly trust he will, and preserve the lives

of

of me and mine, I am inexpreſſibly honoured, and doubt not to find that in ſerving him there is a great reward. In a word, whether my call is real or miſtaken, whether my miſſion ſucceeds or not, whether I live or die, I have good hope that all things ſhall work for my ſanctification, and that in all things I ſhall be made to rejoice in Chriſt Jeſus my Lord, by whom it is the firſt deſire of my ſoul to be crucified to the world, and to have the world crucified to me. I not only requeſt you to praiſe God on my behalf, but earneſtly beſeech you, if ever the Lord was pleaſed to ſpeak to your hearts by my poor miniſtry—I entreat you by all the merits, mercies, glories and triumphs of the bleſſed Croſs of our Saviour, to *pray for me*. Pray that his Croſs may be planted in my heart—that my ſoul may be ſo confirmed as to rejoice in afflictions, temptations, perſecutions and deaths. O, aſk for me abundance of truth and grace, meek wiſdom, undaunted courage, unwearied patience, and the moſt profound humility! O my friends, I am ambitious of reigning and ſuffering with our dear Maſter—I ſee ſuch inſufferable glory, I am perſuaded there is ſuch inconceivable bliſs in the ſorrows and ſufferings of our Lord—in his reproach, his Cup, and his Croſs, his *thorny* as well as his *glorious* Crown, that I am rather encouraged than intimidated at the thought of ſuffering for his dear name's ſake. I am indeed of all his creatures, the weakeſt. I am not able—I am not worthy, "to drink of that cup and to be baptized with that baptiſm;" but Jeſus can make me able, and if I am unworthy, Jeſus is worthy to aſk, and to obtain this grace for the chief of ſinners,

ners, even for me. I thirſt for that cup, not ſo much, as being the cup of ſorrow, but as it is the cup of ſalvation,—as the wormwood and the gall, through divine grace, work for the killing ſin, and quickening the ſoul unto holineſs. "Tho' we bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him." May, then, the Lord give us a wiſe and underſtanding heart, and as He is pleaſed to call us to the fellowſhip of his ſufferings, grant that thoſe ſufferings may render us conformable to his death! Pardon me for drawing ſo much of your attention to myſelf. I would to God, I could turn it all on his dear Son, our merciful and almighty Saviour. He is worthy of all your faith, and all your love. Look to him—caſt your poor ſouls on that tender mercy of his, which aſtoniſhes the angels of Heaven, and fills the heart and lips of Saints above and below with overflowing love and praiſe. His mercy paſſes none by; his mercy never failed *one* ſinner that truſted in it. It is the ſame for ever. Come, and try this mercy,—try it to the utmoſt, by caſting yourſelf upon it with the moſt *unlimited* confidence. Let not a doubt, or a fear diſhonour his bleeding mercy. Nor place leſs confidence in his ſanctifying power. "He ſaveth to the uttermoſt, and he ſaveth without exception, all that come to God by him." This is your Saviour's work, not yours. Say not then, I am dead; but rather, My Saviour liveth and quickeneth whom He will. Say not, I am a ſinful man; but my Saviour is the holy, immortal God. He doth what he pleaſeth in Heaven and Earth, and none may ſtay his hand, or ſay unto him, What doeſt thou? Is

evil

evil more diffuſive, more mighty than good? Has Satan completely deſtroyed, and cannot or will not Jeſus *completely* ſave? Let us not be faithleſs, but believing. Let us wait in fervent, faithful, hopeful prayer for our Pentecoſt—the promiſe of the Father and the Son to *fill* us with the ſpirit, and then ſhall we experience the height and breadth, and depth, and width of that love which paſſeth knowledge, and be *filled* with all the fulneſs of God. *Now*, my dear Brethren, is the day of ſalvation. Make no delay. To-morrow eternity may open upon you. Death, my friends, is our laſt Enemy, and if we are not armed from head to foot, he will be to us the moſt formidable Champion that ever fought in the cauſe of ſin. O go to Jeſus to *ſlay ſin*, to *aboliſh guilt*, and thus learn to die daily. Skirmiſh with the laſt Enemy, by paſſing, in frequent meditation, over the dark Valley, where he exerciſes his Power over his own vaſſals, and, unwearied by frequent defeat, dares ſtill to combat the faith of God's Children. And by thus fighting, and getting well practiced in uſing the whole armour of God, you ſhall meet him without fear, and perhaps, (if God ſo wills) triumph over him almoſt without a Conflict. Remember Reſurrection, Glory, and eternal Life, with the glorious and undivided Trinity. Think frequently of the Palms, the Robes, the Crowns, the Sceptres of the juſt. See the cloud of Witneſſes—Enoch, who walked with God—Noah, who by building the ark, condemned an unbelieving world—Abraham, who went out at God's command, not knowing whither he went, and ſealed the righteouſneſs of faith by offering up

his only ſon—Iſaac, the reſigned and patient victim—Jacob, a Prince and Prevailer with God—Moſes, the meek Moſes, who preferred the reproach of Chriſt to the Treaſures of Egypt—Joſhua, whoſe faith ſhewed, that Sun, Moon and Stars are the ſervants of God's people—pious Samuel—David the ſweet ſinger of Iſrael—the weeping, ſuffering Jeremiah—the bleſſed Iſaiah who ſaw ſo much of the Saviour's glory—Daniel, the man greatly beloved—the Diſciple who drank in meekneſs and love from his Saviour's breaſt—and the great Paul of Tarſus, who, tho' born as one out of due ſeaſon, laboured and ſuffered more than any of the Apoſtles. Remember your own FLETCHER, your Miniſter, Father and Martyr. But above all, in all, and through all, remember the all-adorable, all-mighty, all-ſuffering, all-meriting, all-conquering, all-loving Jeſus—your own Jeſus, the Father's precious gift to every one of you. O love him, cleave to him, and ſerve him till He comes and receives you to Glory. So wiſheth, ſo prayeth, your friend, your brother, and your Servant in Chriſt M. H.

P. S. I do not ſend my love to a few, but to all, and may the bleſſed God, whoſe love can make you *truly* happy, dwell richly in you.

I am here engaged in frequent preaching, and the Lord is pleaſed to give me favour, with our Briſtol friends, who burden me with love and kindneſs. I had thoughts of paying you a ſhort viſit, but fear in this I muſt deny myſelf.

Mrs. FLETCHER—My dear and honoured Friend—I ſtill delay anſwering your laſt kind favour, as I am in daily expectation of a line from Plymouth,

mouth, informing me of the ſtate of the ſhip, as well as hearing of Mr. Gilberts arrival. In the mean while I trouble you and my dear Madeley friends with the above poor token of my love, which, Mr. Walter, (to whom I beg my moſt affectionate reſpects and beſt wiſhes,) will oblige me by reading at the Dale and Madeley-Wood, as you will at Madeley. With united love to yourſelf, Sally and Martha, I remain at preſent, Your ever obliged M. H.

LETTER V.

Briſtol, June 21ſt, 179[illegible]

Mrs. Fletcher.

My ever dear Friend,

ACCEPT my beſt thanks for your kind Letter, and be aſſured it would afford me the higheſt gratification to accept your invitation of ſpending a month under your happy roof, with my Wife and little Fellow,—or at leaſt of ſpending a few days with my dear Friends at Madeley, tho' I ſhould come alone,—but many conſiderations forbid me this fond indulgence. My Mother, whoſe health is far from the beſt, and may never ſee us again, ſays, "She will not part with us," my Finances command œconomy; the thought of a ſecond parting with you is extremely painful, and the ſtate of abſolute uncertainty as to the time of my ſtay here, would render it imprudent—and might poſſibly endanger the loſs of my voyage —My uncertainty whether Mr. Gilbert will re-

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turn to Africa, exerciſes me much and I wait anxiouſly to hear of his arrival, and to have what information he can give. I have many weighty reaſons for wiſhing to ſee him, but accuſtomed as I have been to diſappointments, I am prepared to ſuffer it in this reſpect alſo; and the more ſo, as I know the will of God is always right, and never better then when it curbs my will. I earneſtly pray in all things great and ſmall, that He will treat me as *a good Father*, and never indulge me to my hurt. —Since I came to Briſtol, I have Preach'd frequently in our own Chapels, and lately in Lady Maxwell's, and have now an invitation to the Tabernacle, which if I can find time will accept, for having preach'd in Mr. Fletcher's and Mr. Weſley's Pulpits; it will give me pleaſure to fill at leaſt for once that of the good Mr. Whitfield.—An African Miſſionary excites much curioſity, and brings many to hear; the Lord is pleaſed to ſtrengthen my weakneſs and to bleſs the word to ſome poor ſouls, and our Briſtol friends ſhew me much love.

My Wife and Child are quite well, Bleſſed be God.—Pray remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Gate, Mr. and Mrs. Ferriday and their dear family, whom I can never forget, to Miſs Davies, her Brother and all dear Friends as if named, particularly Mr. Walter, of whom I rejoice to hear ſo good an account. My Wife joins me in love to yourſelf, Sally and Martha, and I remain, My dear Madam, Your ever affectionate and faithful friend M. H.

LETTER VI.

Briſtol, Sunday Noon July 8th, 1792.

Mrs. Fletcher.

My ever dear and honoured Friend,

I Am this minute returned from London, and my hand ſhakes ſo I can hardly hold my pen, but I embrace the preſent moment to write you a few lines while my Wife and Mother are at Church; as my ſtay may be too ſhort to afford another.—My friend Gilbert will lay before you the reaſons which *at laſt* compel me to part with my dear Wife—a ſacrifice which your ſympathizing Mind will feel much better than my Pen can deſcribe. You will alſo pray for me, that I may have that Wiſdom, Patience and Fortitude which I ſhall require to carry me through the burning-fiery Furnace which may perhaps await me *there*.—Bleſſed be God, none of theſe things move me; my Soul is *ſteadily* fixed to pay the Vows I have made to the Lord God of Jacob, and in the Name of Jehovah Jireh will I ſet up my Banner; *in him do I truſt*, and he is too good, too ſtrong, too faithful to permit me to indulge the Idea that he will ever leave or forſake me. Never did I want this Faith more, and Glory be to him, all-ſufficient grace never did I feel it ſtronger. With reſpect to temporals my way is made eaſy. Rejoice with me in the beneficence of our gracious God and indulgent Father.

On Tueſday or Wedneſday I expect to ſet out for Plymouth, where the ſhip is ready, and only waits the Company's Diſpatches, which I think will

will be there as ſoon as myſelf.——Once more Farewell—"The Lord of Hoſts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge"—in him will we truſt, believe, rejoice in and through *all* things, times and places.—Glory to the bleeding, triumphing Saviour of our Souls, he will do all things well, and will I am humbly confident never leave us till he bring us to Glory. I place my Wife and Infant in Jeſus's loving arms, and he will preſs them to his Heart. PRAY for them and pray for your ſuffering, but honoured and comforted Brother in the patience of Jeſus.

M. H.

LETTER VII.

Ship York, Plymouth Sound, July 21ſt, 1792.

Mrs. Fletcher.

My dear Friend,

MY laſt was written on Sunday the 8th Inſtant, juſt after my return from London, and immediately ſent to the Poſt, a few hours after I received a Line from Mr. Thornton kindly informing me I need not go yet, but he would let me hear again in a day or two—laſt Monday I was commanded to repair to Plymouth, and ſetting off on Tueſday Morning I came here on Wedneſday, and now only wait for the wind.—The Parting with my Wife and Boy, my Mother and Siſter was deeply affecting, but I truſt my feelings on the occaſion, both with reſpect to them and my gracious God, were in a meaſure ſuch as they ought to

be, Nature ſunk, but Grace rejoiced. The Father and the Huſband were crucified, but the Chriſtian and the Miniſter exclaimed, "yea and I count *all things* but droſs ſo I may win Chriſt." I am the more reconciled to leaving my Wife, as I truſt it will leave me at Liberty to act more *immediately* and more *boldly* in the cauſe of Chriſt. I have it much at heart as ſoon as Mr. Gilbert returns, to go farther into the Country among the Natives build myſelf an Hut, and try what living among them will do. This at preſent ſtrikes me as the way I may walk in, but till I am on the Spot, it will be impoſſible to form any fixt Plan. Our Ship is extremely well repair'd, and it is the general opinion, ſhe is much better prepared for the ſea than when ſhe left London.—As we have orders to touch at Teneriffe, our arrival will probably be near the end of the rainy Seaſon, and I doubt not when we do arrive we ſhall have reaſon to bleſs God for all our delays and diſappointments. I truſt I have not labour'd in vain at Briſtol, I am greatly indebted for their kindneſs indeed they like my London friends, would have wiſh'd me to ſettle among them, but I told them, I believ'd the remainder of my days were devoted to the Heathen, either at Sierra Leone or elſe where. My Wife, tho' greatly affected, bore our parting with wonderful Courage, but my God will be with her, and keep her in peace and quietneſs. till we meet again and praiſe him together.

And now, my dear Friend, Farewell, our diſpatches are come down and every thing ready for Sea, and the wind ſhifts ſo frequently as to

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give us reaſon to hope it will ſoon be fair. My tendereſt love and warmeſt good wiſhes to all my late dear flock, Mr. and Mrs. Walter, and our Preachers. I commend myſelf to your prayers and theirs, and all of us to him who *ever* liveth to make interceſſion for Tranſgreſſors. I remain ever dear Friend, Your affectionate and obliged Brother and Servant M. H.

LETTER VIII.

Ship York, Plymouth Sound, July 28th, 1792.

Rev. Mr. Gilbert.

My dear Couſin,

A Few days ago Mr. Thornton encloſed me yours from Madeley. Many, many thanks for the comfortable aſſurance it gives me of ſeeing you again at Sierra Leone. God be praiſed, for your faith and patience in enduring as ſeeing Him that is inviſible, and for again giving up all for the ſake of your Lord Jeſus. O, that we could ſhake off our ſins as eaſily as we do our friends; but, alas! the firſt-born luſts of our hearts are dearer than children and wife.—Indeed, I long for the martyrdom of the heart, the crucifixion of the fleſh and its luſts as the richeſt ſacrifices I can make to the God of Heaven. Until I am in a more emphatical and comprehenſive ſenſe, *dead unto ſin, and alive unto God*, all the croſſes I take up, and all the comforts I forego, and all the dangers I encounter, appear a mere nothing. But I look to Jeſus, and I have a cheerful hope

that He will bring me *to know him, and the power of his reſurrection and the fellowſhip of his ſufferings, being made conformable unto his death.* This is all the heaven, I deſire to know on earth.—You may judge of what I ſuffered in leaving Briſtol from the feelings of your own heart; but the grace of the Croſs made me a wonder to myſelf, and faith triumph'd in preſenting a willing victim. We do not ſerve the Lord for nought; for in the keeping his commandments there is a great reward. I am aſtoniſhed at the peaceful confidence with which I devolve the care of my dear Wife and my Edward on the Almighty.—For ſolid reſt, I muſt in all things look beyond this world, and bleſſed be God I feel my hope as an anchor of the ſoul ſure and ſteadfaſt. Wretch as I am, language cannot expreſs how wonderfully gracious the Lord has been to me ever ſince this S. L. buſineſs has been in hand; and altho' the firſt efferveſcence of my mind on the ſubject has long ſince evaporated, and I have gone through much exerciſe, hurry, agitation, and lowneſs of ſpirits, yet have I had ſuch a bleſſed light in the promiſe, ſo ſure a bottom for my foot, and ſuch inward peace as has always kept my head above water, and enabled me to rejoice in tribulation. Some few moments of horror I have had in the idea of living among a ſet of barbarians, together with the length of care and trouble I muſt expect in my *miſſion*; but glory be to God, they are but clouds paſſing before the ſun. "The Lord of Hoſts is with me, the God of Jacob is my refuge!"

We lie with a very unpleaſant ſwell in the Sound about a mile and half from ſhore, and the paſſing

paſſing to and from the ſhip is not without danger. I wiſh we were either at Sea or in harbour; for if bad weather comes on from the ſea, our danger would be extreme. It is a miſerable place; but we hope to get out of it every day. Having a fair wind this morning, we heaved anchor; but juſt as we were getting under weigh, it turned in our teeth.

Remember me in the moſt affectionate manner to Mrs. Ford and all the branches of that Family; Mrs. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Ferriday, your Brother and Sifter Yate, Miſs Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Walter, Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin, and Mr. Hatton's family when you ſee them; in a word to all who ſtill remember me. That the Lord may direct and bleſs you in every circumſtance of your Life, is and ſhall always be the ſincere prayer of, My dear Couſin, Yours affectionately

M. H.

☞ The above was the laſt Letter received from Mr. Horne, as he ſailed from England the next day July 29th.

FINIS.